

Today's the day. If I want to stay in FAPA I had best get at least two pages done. Wrai is going to come over tonight to run his and my pages off, and tomorrow all goes in the airmail.

How did I let it get so late? I don't think I was really seriously intending to drop out...

There might be more by me in the mailing, but I'm not banking on it. Way last fall--I think in September--I got a very nice letter from Pete Graham asking me for material on Beatles, as he was planning a fanzine all about them. I was thrilled through and through, and immediately sat down and wrote two articles and mailed them to him, and after that sheer impetus carried me through another item--a five page outline of the Beatles' lives. But I didn't send that to Pete. I thought it would be better to wait for his reaction to the stuff already sent. I expected to hear from him, because I had told him that I needed to know what he was going to use so that I could put the rest in my OMPAZINE. Well--I didn't hear. From other people I've heard that Pete is planning to some day use some parts of something I sent, but what or when God only knows--I doubt if Pete does.

I keep telling myself that when we were putting out CRY we used to goof up our contributors from time to time, despite the world's best intentions, and since we goofed up people we have no right to complain of being goofed up in turn, like. But to reflect on one's own unsatisfactoriness doesn't really completely reconcile one to other people's unsatisfactoriness. He could have sent a postcard, dammit!

So anyhow, if Pete publishes anything by me in which I imply a lack of appreciation for the Rolling Stones, just bear in mind that it was written in September. Now, in May of 1965, I like the Rolling Stones and so do all right minded people. They are sort of repulsive, but at least they are interesting repulsive. Actually, they get more interesting and less repulsive all the time.

The group I can't stand are the Serendipity Singers. Have you ever seen them? They are very clean and tidy looking, and they bob their heads in time to the music and smile and smile and smile, as if they thought it was still 1940's. I also loathe Jackie and Gail, whose singing is 'exquisitely blah' (term courtesy of Gina Clarke). And I am utterly sickened by Dick and DeeDee. Ugh. Chad and Jeremy and Peter and Gordon all sing exquisitely blah, but I like them anyhow. I like Chad and Jeremy because I think Jeremy is sort of cute. Jeremy looks like Jeremy and like nobody else, whereas people like Dean Martin and Perry Como and Vic Damone all look like interchangeable parts. And I like Peter and Gordon because Peter is Jane Asher's brother and Jane Asher either is or is not married to Paul McCartney, so Peter is almost a Beatle by contagion. In a way. And Gordon has got a perfect Grecian profile which is very 19th century of him, because people in the 20th Century just don't have Grecian profiles anymore. Right? So one has to admit it's a point in his favor.

Boy, when one talks about pop singers the stencil goes fast. Mailing comments were never like this! I should give you my thoughts on Glen Campbell (whose hair is not really black at all), Bobby Sherman, Sylvie Vartain, Willy Nelson, Paul Anka, John Andrea, Sandie Shaw, Dusty Springfield, Tom Jones, P. J. Proby, Gene Pitney, Long John Baldry and various other folk. But I guess I won't. I think I'll do a few mailing comments. But with time so short, I'll begin by commenting only to the people who commented on my last zine. I'll comment to others perhaps, if I have time I probably won't. It's 1:30, and I have to be done by 7, with time out for shopping and so forth.

MAILING COMMENTS (to a background of Cliff Richard)

Main--Jesus Bug 13

No, I don't feel the least bit obligated to quit Fapa. Sorry to disappoint you.

Hansen--DAMBALLA 2

Actually, deep in my heart I think it's a pity I missed the Schwenn/Buechley rumble. I hate the way I always miss historic moments. Like the earthquake we had here in Seattle last Thursday. I could have been up at the top of the space needle with 254 others, and I gather it was a really swinging scene. But actually, I had just dropped Mickey off at school, and was making a U-turn, and the car handled strangely, and I thought--'Oh no, the steering's going out--we can't stand any more car repairs right now!' And then the car was bumping along, and I realized I must have a soft tire or two, and wondered where the nearest service station was. Then it was okay, and I forgot all about it. When I got home I found water had slopped out of Fish's bowl, and there were books on the floor which had fallen out of stacks here and there. I was puzzled for a minute, and then I realized there had been an earthquake. Buz had a much better earthquake. He's on the 4th floor, and it was all quite exciting, and the electricity went off in a number of places in his building and he was sent home for two days while they put the bldg. in proper working order. (OH NO! IT'S SNOWING OUT! ON MAY 4TH! No, no, it isn't snow--it's hail. I guess that's more normal, isn't it?) Anyhow, as I was about to say, Buz walked around Green Lake Thursday afternoon and found deep crevices there. They already had a bulldozer and a truck full of dirt on the job, filling in the worst. A refreshment and boat storage bldg. was demolished. Buz talked to a fisherwoman who was looking at Green Lake from her window at the time of the earthquake, and she told him that the surface of the water turned white from all the fish coming to the top at once.

It seems to me that I'm always missing earthquakes. I wouldn't mind if we had them more often, but the only ones I can remember are 1946, 1949, and now 1965. In 1946 I was walking down the avenue with another girl, and she said "Look, the mannequin in the window is swaying." I didn't look quite fast enough to see it. That evening my roommate told me that on the eighth floor of the hospital where she worked beds had been rolling all over the floor with the patients screaming. I did get more out of the 1949 one. I was on the third floor of Parrington Hall; and right in the middle of Victorian Prose Writers the building started to shake. I thought the boiler in the furnace room was going to explode (actually, I don't know whether Parrington Hall even has a boiler or a furnace room or whatever) but someone said it was an earthquake. Anyhow, we all went down the fire escape--I don't know why--I guess we just wanted to--and it was a beautiful day and I was quite gassed by the entire experience. But actually, it was rather thin, better than missing it entirely like in '46 and '65, but thin.

Berman--PANTOPON

John Brunner looks like a cross between Theodore Sturgeon and Tom Seidman. He's featured more like Sturgeon (has an identical beard) but the expression on his face and his way of speaking is much more like Tom Seidman. Sturgeon's most conspicuous characteristic is actually (or was at Chicon) his look of nervous irritability. He looks like a man whose nerves are too close to the surface, who probably has bad headaches. He looks like a man who's very vulnerable, and absolutely determined NOT to be vulnerable. John Brunner, on the other hand, looks to have a glorious set of armor.

Wells-QUATTWINKERY

Oh, there's nothing wrong at all (I suppose) in people's being for sale. It's just rather comic, under the circumstances.

Warner--HORIZONS

You didn't comment on my zine--however--I do have something to say to you. Last

Christmas I got a check for just under \$15, from a lawyer, in final settlement of my great-grandfather's estate. I asked my older sister about it, and she said that our Uncle Howard had told her something about it when she visited him in Detroit last summer--that some woods had been sold. So now I know a little more about it, thanks to you, Harry, but I still don't understand. If it was owned by the school board who turned it over to the county, how could it have been bought from the Doub family? Another thing that puzzles me is, who has been paying taxes on it all this time? My great-grandfather must have died way back in the last century. I don't know when he died. My grandfather, his son, died at a fairly ripe age before I was born. So this thing has been hanging fire since the beginning of time! It's really mysterious. I'm not complaining, mind. It was a great experience, getting \$15 out of a clear blue sky right at the time of the year one especially needs money.

Ellington--KIM CHI 4

Actually, about Tom and Cathy--they may be entitled to 'a little kiddy-car bohemianism' but I'm also entitled not to know such people. Acceptance is valueless where there is no power to reject.

"I don't believe Jim Benford was really all that shocked but it's a great schtick." Jim wasn't shocked, Dick. I agree with you that it was definitely a schtick, but you missed the point of it. Under conditions of exciting privacy, a young female made a provocative remark to an eager young male, and immediately thereafter they had no more privacy. Like, man he was frustrated. A differmints altogether.

Calkins--RAMBLING FAP

Congratulations on your baby. What's his name?

White --NULL-F 38

It's not important, of course, but when, at the Pacificon, I asked Avram what his badge was for, in essence I was reproving him as gently as I could for having assumed the privilege of a close friend in greeting me, while coming out on the opposite side of a feud, publicly. In telling me not to be naive he was, in essence, expressing hurt at my implicit reproof. Actually, Ted, I think maybe it's you that's naive, but it's not an endearing characteristic in you, kid.

Bergeron--SERENADE

Do you realize you are the only person in FAPA who publicly admitted liking my conreport? I expect some other people actually did like it, because I got some points in the egoboo poll, and hardly any of my special friends voted, and the conreport was the only thing I did in FAPA that year.

Your new window sounds great, and I hope you get a suitable apartment soon so that you can install it. I love stained glass, and everything else that's picturesque, ornate and charming.

Gee, here it is 5 o'clock and I'm only on page 3. I've got to go faster, gang, fast fast faster. One whole more page to do, and part of this one, and dinner to cook and eat and so forth. Ooog.

Eklund in Donaho's ASP

Glad you agree that one might as well judge people by first impression, at first sight. And by 'judge' naturally I don't mean 'sit in judgment on' but rather, assess as to whether or not they are desirable friends or acquaintances for oneself. First impressions are when one's own intuition can come into play, without loyalties interfering. That's--providing one hasn't already developed awkward loyalties via correspondence. This is the big difficulty in fandom. One corresponds with people, develops loyalties, and then--when one meets, one doesn't dare let oneself realize one has made a terrible mistake. But fortunately, most of the people one meets whom one has corresponded with first turn out to be exactly and precisely as one had envisioned them.

For example, Willises, Arthur, Ella, Ethel, John Berry and many, many others were most eminently, entirely, and delightfully just as one had thought and hoped they would be. And so have most fans been, actually.

So much for mailing comments. Not very much--maybe I'll do more mailing comments next time. Or maybe not.

Now--I have this stencil to fill up before seven o'clock, when Wrai is coming over to run off. What can I talk about? I think I'll talk about books. I can blather about books faster than I can about anything in the world, probably.

A week or so ago Mickey had some work to do at the public library, so I took her there and then, while she was plugging away on Viet Nam, I picked up a huge stack of books to read. I found seven books in about 10 minutes, which really pleased and surprised me, because it often takes me forever to find even one book. (By the way, I don't remember whether Buz has told you that we have two kids living with us at present? Mickey, age 12, and Dede, age 10. They've been with us since January and will be with us until June. Mickey spent six months with us once before, in 1957-58. Everybody says, "Well, how are the dogs taking it?" and the answer is, the dogs are absolutely thrilled. Wrai says that when he used to come over the dogs would bug him with their loving attentions all evening, but since the kids have been here, they just give him the big hello and then forget about him. Apparently two people are not enough to satisfy two dachshunds. Each dachshund needs two people of his own. Buz and I will have to remember that in future. Anyhow, I was about to tell you that Mickey has been spending occasional weekends with us for the last two years. When we first saw Mickey again after not having set eyes on her once for over four years we wondered whether the dogs would remember her. Oh, did they! We weren't surprised at Nobby's remembering her because he's always made rather a specialty of remembering people. But Lisa remembered, and you know, she's usually a relatively self-contained, non-effusive little dog, but she certainly made it clear that she'd been missing Mickey TERRIBLY for years and years and years.

Didn't I say I was going to talk about books? Yeah. Well, I took out I. Compton-Burnett's "The Mighty and Their Fall." It wasn't as good as the previous book I read by her. Not as witty. Her books are typically atypical British books: cold, brittle, witty, static and faintly Gothic. She descends from Thomas Love Peacock, in a way. So Aldous Huxley, does too. And divers other English authors. And Peacocks descends from Laurence Sterne. But I can't think of any American authors who write these weird, conversational, static, detached novels. It must be something in the air over there, or the water. Or maybe not.

(2) Alfred Duggan's "The Cunning of the Dove." I read his "The Conscience of the King" and didn't like it at all. It was too depressing. But this was delightful. It's about Edward the Confessor, who was a real saint, and it gives a vivid impression of his times and the forces behind the coming of William the Conqueror.

(3) Rosset's "Shaw of Dublin." Interesting. Rosset believes that there is a possibility that Shaw's mother had an affair with George John Vandaleur Lee, her singing teacher, and that Shaw might be his son, rather than her husband's. He believes that Shaw believed that such a possibility existed, and that it was a great pain to him throughout his very long life. He lists many instances of illegitimacy and dubious paternity in Shaw's plays and novels, indicating that the whole bit was constantly in the back of his mind. Rosset convinced me entirely that Shaw was anxious on this point. It's possible that Shaw was entirely sure that George Carr Shaw was his father, but that he was also sure that the neighbors were doubtful. That in itself would be enough to make the subject a source of anxiety to a man born in 1856. Interesting. Edward the Confessor thought that castrating and blinding criminals was quite a humane punishment. Edward (according to Duggan, that is) and Shaw were both very different from their contemporaries, and yet they were men of their time.